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## THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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# HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

On Tuesday, February 5th, 1952 death came to Albert Windsor, known throughout the world as His Majesty, King George VI of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas. It came as a friend, quietly in the night. Over the air waves flashed the message, "The King is dead!" Outside Buckingham Palace a saddened crowd gathered to pray. Many were weeping. A hush fell upon the busy, teeming metropolis of London. The message was heard in darkest Africa, where his beloved daughter and her husband were visiting. On the snow-enshrouded prairies of Western Canada, in city, town, hamlet and farm people were serious, sorrowful, and saddened. Even "the ranks of Tuscany" within the dark and forbidding confines of the Kremlin could scarce forbear to pay tribute.

Who was this man, Albert Windsor, that his death should arouse such universal sorrow?

He had come to the throne amidst indifference and near-resentment. Many looked upon him as a usurper, a colorless, almost unpopular personality who had dared to take the place of their hero, Edward VIII. The prestige of the monarchy was low. Some recalled the prophecy of his grandfather, Edward VII, made as he watched Edward, subsequently Edward VIII, romping on the beach: "There goes the last King of England".

The world, which is quick to acclaim glamor, is slow to recognize good, solid worth.

Fifteen years passed from his ascension to the throne to his death, fifteen years of stress and strain. At times even hope itself, the last resort of troubled spirits, seemed gone. Throughout those fifteen years King George VI bore his heavy duties uncomplainingly, modestly, and capably. He was tried in the crucible of world-shaking events, and not found wanting. The World then knew what kind of man he was. **At his death the Crown once again had a firm and abiding place in the hearts of the British people.**

For seven years now his beloved daughter has occupied the throne, which he had succeeded in establishing so firmly throughout the Commonwealth, that free association of nations, which may provide the pattern of the world of tomorrow, when war shall be no more. Today the prestige of the monarchy is just as high as it was when that shy, modest, steadfast man passed from this earthly scene.

Why?

It is partly because Queen Elizabeth II is the monarch of a little island in the Atlantic, an historic island, a tradition-haunted island, whose hard-working, solid, dependable people have given so much to the world, "the tongue that Shakespeare spake", our sense of decency and fair play, our concept of freedom and our democratic institutions, a people who are always at their best when "the chips are down". Time and again they have thwarted the designs of scheming tyrants, whose purpose it was to make the world one vast, slave camp. At times they have stood alone when the rest of the world had lost heart. Napoleon with Europe at his feet looked wistfully across the misty English Channel at the White

Cliffs of Dover, but got no further. The all-conquering Luftwaffe of Hitler broke against the rock-like resolution of the British people.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war.  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England." 25

It is partly a tribute to the British people.

It is also because she is the highest representative of a tradition, a "way of life" which with all its many faults, is still the best that the world has hitherto evolved, a tradition inherited and cherished by the Canadian nation, and our good neighbor to the south, the great United States of America, a "way of life" now gravely threatened, but still the main bulwark against that flood of despotism that threatens to engulf the world.

"You ask me why though ill at ease  
Within this region I subsist,  
Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
A land where girt with friends or foes  
A man may speak the thing he will.

A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent."

It may well be a manifestation of our love of freedom.

Undoubtedly the popularity of the monarchy is in part the result of the character of the Queen herself. She is so much like her father. She performs the tasks that fate have wished upon her with the same serious purpose, the same steadfastness, the same modesty and absence of display that he exhibited, and asks for only one reward, the satisfaction of a job well done.

The nineteenth century is often known as the Victorian Age. We are now in the midst of the second Elizabethan Age. The first Elizabethan Age was one of glorious adventure and great progress, when difficulty after difficulty was met and overcome by the unconquerable fortitude of the human spirit. Today, even greater difficulties and more complex problems beset us, but it is our hope and faith—that under our young and gracious queen, with God's help, we will overcome the difficulties and solve the problems, and that the second Elizabethan Age will exceed in brilliance and achievement the Glorious Days of Good Queen Bess.

**CANADA WELCOMES THE QUEEN!**  
**LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!**

—Axel Vopnfjord

# Lord Dufferin's Visit To New Iceland, 1877

by W. KRISTJANSON

The Icelandic settlement on Lake Winnipeg, named New Iceland by the settlers, was founded in 1875. The first group of settlers numbered about two hundred. The second group, numbering about eleven hundred, arrived in 1876. In the second year settlement extended from Husavik, on the south, to Icelandic River and Big Island, now Hecla Island, on the north. The two centres in the colony were Gimli and Lundi, now Riverton.

The first two years were years of hardship. The first group arrived at the Gimli site late in October, 1875, and had all the building to do. There were several deaths from scurvy in the spring of 1876. In the fall of 1876, a small-pox epidemic broke out, which by spring had carried off some one hundred people, adults and children.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, visited the colony in September, 1877.\*

The visit of Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, to Gimli, September 14, 1877, is an outstanding event in the annals of the colony. The memory of the congeniality and charm displayed by him on the occasion of his visit to Iceland 1856, and of his friendly intervention on behalf of the colonists in 1875, had earned for him their enduring regard, and they prepared to welcome him accordingly. Gimli and Lundi were en fete.

The preparations made at both places were similar. At Gimli, a portion of the "market place" was cleared of stumps and brushwood, the grass trimmed, and a row of sixteen-foot spruce trees erected along the south, east, and north sides of the square. A half-moon platform, eighteen feet wide, was built on the west side, with the straight edge facing in, and flag-

poles were placed on either side of the four platform steps. A row of firs around the platform curved back to meet the sides of the square; on the platform was a display of grain and vegetables. Flanking the gateway which faced the lake were two thirty-foot firs, with the lower branches removed. Six feet below the remaining branches was an arch, topped by a flag-pole, and on the arch was the word VELKOM-INN (Welcome), formed of green branches on a white background. On the reverse side, in large black letters on a white background, stood GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. Arch and gateway were decorated with fir branches, and Fridjon Fridriksson's house, which adjoined the square, was decorated with fir trees, and branches and firs lined the pathway to John Taylor's residence.

The steamer "Colville", arriving from a cruise to the north with the Governor-General and his party, stood off the harbour at Sandy Bar, at the mouth of the Icelandic River, on the thirteenth of September. A strong

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\* The following is an excerpt from the manuscript of "The Icelandic People in Manitoba", by W. Kristjanson, in the Archives of The Manitoba Historical Society.



wind blew from the south-east, and the skipper thought it unsafe to enter, so the "Colville" proceeded to the Stone Fort. Thus the River Settlement was deprived of the opportunity to welcome the guest of honor. **Framfari**, the colony paper, voicing the keen disappointment of the people, suggested that the skipper was suffering from a heart condition as the result of a recent grounding of his ship near the Crossing.

At five o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth, the "Colville" left the Stone Fort, at St. Andrews, on the Red River, arriving at Gimli at nine. The day was beautiful, and the lake as smooth as a mirror.

Flags were hoisted in the village, and messengers were despatched to the nearby farms, to advise the people of the Governor-General's arrival.

Lord Dufferin immediately set out on a tour of inspection, accompanied by his retinue and by John Taylor, the Government Agent, and Fridjon Fridriksson, the local merchant, who acted as interpreter. The party visited many homes in the village, as well as three farms two miles to the west, along the road which the colonists had built in the spring. Wherever he went, Lord Dufferin asked detailed questions. Were the people satisfied? What hopes did they have of the future?

A word-picture of Gimli at the time of the vice-regal visit, is preserved in the files of the **Manitoba Free Press**.

"Gimli is about one and a half miles long by half a mile broad. There is but one street in it, which, running between two rows of fences, half-cleared grass, and with stumps of felled trees cropping up, is more like a cattle-track than a street, but it is not so muddy as the main street of Winnipeg after a heavy fall of rain. On each side of the road are the houses

of inhabitants, removed from the street some little distance. Most of them are of logs and floored with logs, the doors low, the windows small, and, as far as could be seen, without any chimney, so the air and light were excluded to a great extent. But in many of these close atmospheres and squalid cottages were to be found little libraries of from thirty to forty books. A few of the houses are quite roomy and more comfortable."

To the west of Gimli, the picture changed. The houses in the village were, for the most part, the homes of a fishing population. To the west . . . all the houses in the neighborhood were very good ones, substantial and with plenty of room and good ventilation.

At two o'clock the party returned to Gimli, for rest and refreshments, Lord Dufferin discussed at length conditions in the colony. He referred to his visit to Iceland and mentioned how well he liked the people, and stated that he had left Ottawa with a fixed purpose to let nothing hinder him from visiting the Icelandic settlement on Lake Winnipeg.

By four o'clock, over one hundred people had gathered, and the formal proceedings began. The people formed a half-circle in front of the platform, and Fridriksson proceeded to read the address of welcome, which was in Icelandic, Lord Dufferin being provided with a translation.

"We have gathered", Fredriksson said, "under the flag of our new land, and as British subjects, and it is our honor and pleasure to receive Your Excellency as the representative of the British Queen, remembering also that we as Icelanders are able to approach you as a friend of our native country.

"We accept gladly our new way of life as British subjects with the op-

portunity to acquire all the freedom and rights which pertain thereto. As British subjects, we desire that these rights be granted to us, and we are firmly resolved to preserve them. We are prepared to do our share in the maintenance of public order, and in the defence of our country, to perform the duties which England expects of every citizen."

In his reply, Lord Dufferin expressed his faith in the colonists and prophesied a prosperous future for New Iceland. He spoke plainly, however, of the obstacles, within and without, that had to be overcome. "The three arts most necessary to the Canadian colonist are the felling of timber, the ploughing of land, and the construction of highways, but, in your own country, none of you had ever seen a tree, a cornfield, or a road. It is not to be expected that you should immediately exhibit any expertness in these three accomplishments; but practice and experience will soon make you master of all three, for you possess in a far greater degree than is probably imagined, that which is the essence and foundation of all superiority; intelligence, education, and intellectual activity. In fact, I have not entered a single hut or cottage in the settlement which did not contain, no matter how bare the walls or scanty its furniture, a library of twenty or thirty volumes; and I am informed that there is scarcely a child amongst you who cannot read and write. Secluded as you have been for hundreds of years from all contact with the civilization of Europe, you may in many respects be a little rusty and behind the rest of the world; nor perhaps have conditions under which you used to live at home—where months have to be spent on the enforced idleness of a sunless winter—accustomed you to

these habits of continued and unflagging industry, which you will find necessary in your new existence; but in our brighter, drier, and more exhilarating climate you will become animated with fresh vitality, and your continually expanding prosperity will encourage you, year by year, to still greater exertions. Beneath the genial influence of the fresh young world to which you have come, the dormant capacities of your race, which adverse climatic and geographical conditions may have somewhat stunted and benumbed, will bud and burgeon forth in all their pristine exuberance, as the grains which have been for centuries buried beneath the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt are said to excel in the exuberance and the succulence of their growth the corn seeds of last year's harvest. But as sun and air and light are necessary to produce this miracle, so it will be necessary for you to profit as much as possible by the example and by the intercourse of your more knowledgeable neighbors."

Lord Dufferin remarked that the farm houses that he had seen that day were better than any farm houses he remembered seeing in Iceland, and that he had learned with great satisfaction that numbers of the young women of the colony had entered the households of various Canadian families, where they would not only acquire the English language, but also the lessons of domestic economy and housewifely neat-handedness. "I am also happy to be able to add that I have received the best accounts from a great number of people of the good conduct, handiness and docility of these young Ingibjorgs, Ragnhildas, Thoras and Gudruns, who, I trust, will do credit to the epical ancestresses from whom they have inherited their names. Many of the homes I have visited today have

evident signs in their airiness, neatness and well-ordered appearance of possessing a housewife who had already profited from her contact with the outer world."

Lord Dufferin welcomed the colonists to their new country and hoped they would cherish their ancestral heritage, saying:

"Remember that in coming among us, you will find yourselves associated with a race both kindly hearted and cognate to your own. Nor in becoming Englishmen and subjects of Queen Victoria need you forget your time-honored customs or the picturesque annals of your forefathers.

"On the contrary, I trust you will continue to cherish for all time, the heart-stirring literature of your nation, and that from generation to generation your little ones will continue to learn in your ancient sagas that industry, energy, fortitude, perserverance and stubborn endurance have ever been the characteristics of the noble Icelandic race. I have pledged my personal credit to my Canadian friends on the successful development of your

settlement. My warmest and most affectionate sympathies attend you, and I have not the slightest misgiving but that in spite of your enterprise being conducted under, what of necessity, are somewhat disadvantageous conditions, not only will your future prove bright and prosperous, but that it will be universally acknowledged that a more valuable accession to the intelligence, patriotism, loyalty, industry and strength of the country has never been introduced into the Dominion."

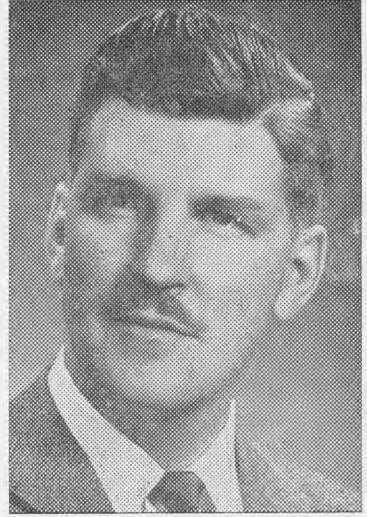
At the conclusion of the address, the more prominent local citizens were presented to Lord Dufferin, who greeted them in a friendly manner, with a handshake, and conversed with them. He then turned to the circle of people and shook hands with as many as he could, asking numerous questions regarding their circumstances and how they liked their life there. Throughout, he displayed a warmth and kindliness of manner. Lord Dufferin won golden opinions wherever he moved in Canada, but it is safe to say that nowhere in the Dominion could his memory be as warmly cherished as by the Icelandic people in Manitoba.



## *Elected to the Manitoba Legislature*



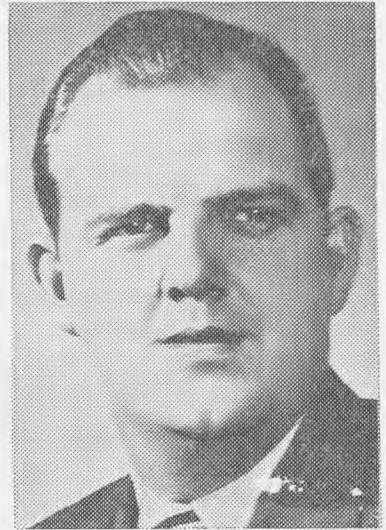
**Hon. George Johnson M.D.,**  
Minister of Health and Public Welfare, who was elected with a large majority in the Gimli constituency.



**John Christianson**  
who won Portage la Prairie for the Conservatives by defeating Hon. C. E. Greenlay, former Provincial Treasurer.



**Oscar Bjornson**  
representative for the Ford Motor Co., at Lac Du Bonnet, who had a majority of 73 votes over his Liberal opponent, thus winning his constituency for the Conservatives.



**Elman Guttormson**  
who retained St. George for the Liberals by a large majority over his Conservative opponent.



## EINAR PÁLL JÓNSSON

With the passing of Einar Páll Jónsson, on May 21, last, the Icelandic group in America lost one of the strongest guardians of the Icelandic heritage abroad. To Iceland he was an outpost that only death could demolish; to Canada, his fosterland, he was a loyal citizen. In the Canadian nation, of which he had become a part, he could see a wealth of material, still more or less in the rough, for nation-building. Yet because of the variety of that material the greater care had to be taken lest some element should be lost. In that category, he felt, was his beloved Icelandic heritage, because, though of admitted worth, it was in comparison but a fragment. Einar's deep resolve was to do all in his power to preserve that heritage and pass it on.

He was peculiarly well qualified to play that role. Born in Iceland, he did not leave his native land until he had reached his early thirties. In Reykjavík he had come in contact with young men who were destined to become leaders in their respective callings. Einar Páll brought with him to Canada a picture, deeply ingrained upon his impressionable mind, of the finest in Iceland and its people, an impression which neither time nor circumstance could efface.

Einar Páll Jónsson was born in the east part of Iceland, in Jökuldalur, on August 11, 1880. He reached Reykjavík in his early twenties where he attended "Menntaskólinn". Journalism and public affairs attracted him at once and in his earliest literary ventures could be detected the qualities of the writer of prose and the composer



EINAR PÁLL JÓNSSON

of poetry. In 1913 he migrated to Canada and settled in Winnipeg. He very soon was attracted to journalism which became his life's work. He was assistant editor of *Lögberg*, an Icelandic weekly, from 1917 to 1927, and since that time, with but one brief break, was editor until the grim reaper called.

During a period extending over two score years Einar Páll discharged his duties of editor in the best tradition of journalism. He took a vigorous part in the life of the Icelandic communities and expressed his thoughts in convincing language. His interest reached out into the public life of Canada and at times beyond to the turbulent world affairs of today.

But Einar refused to let the performance of duty at the editor's desk obliterate his innate poetic instinct



and love of the arts. It is not given to many editors to recline at the hour of midnight and give expression to noble thoughts in impressive poetry, or to rush away to attend a gathering and lead at the piano or organ in song and refreshing gaiety.

Such a person was bound to be a man of many parts. To the love and affection for his native land and the deep-rooted impressions formed over there, were added the impressions of the milieu in Canada which, during the years, reached out and gathered strength and color.

One might have thought that it would be difficult to single out one single object of his affection, aside from that of family, which overshadowed everything else in this man's conglomerate repertoire of mental qualities and sentiment. But it is not. It is his love, his impassioned love of his mother's tongue—Icelandic. To him the Icelandic language was more than material for a beautiful painting in pleasing sound and rhythmic flow; it was more than a powerful instrument in the hands of the skilled writer; it was more than an Indo-European language with all the flexions of Classic Greek and Latin and the flexibility and variety of expression which masters of rhetoric and phrasing have evolved in a modern language such as English. It was to Einar the soul of Iceland. The Sagas of old, the Passion Hymns of Hallgrímur Pétursson, the cries of Bólu-Hjálmar, the chiselling of granite of Stephan G. Stephansson—it all was but emanations of something within his people who in ancient times produced that language and in darkest days of tribulation preserved it.

This deep affection for his native tongue proved to be Einar Páll's motivating power. When the Icelandic National League was formed in 1919

he became a charter member and at all times gave it his unstinted support. He saw early the need of providing a permanent place in a North American university where Icelandic language and literature could be studied and in that way a literary wealth diffused into the North American cultural stream.

But Einar Jónsson was realistic. As immigration from Iceland ceased he could see that efforts to preserve Icelandic on this continent as the spoken language of the home were largely doomed to failure. That was no doubt reluctantly accepted but sentiment gave way to reason. He could see that through the medium of English the treasures of thought, enwrapped in Icelandic writings, ancient and modern, could be revealed to the Western world. This analysis came clearly to light when the one who pens these words asked Einar's wife to join the staff of the magazine. He encouraged the suggestion and Mrs. Jónsson served loyally and well until her duties with Lögberg, as her husband's strength began to fail, became too onerous and forced her resignation.

Einar Páll was not a Lotus Eater. The story of his native land and its people was one of struggle but final triumph. The life of the pioneers of Canada was well known to him; in those lives he could see sacrifice, at times seeming failure, but always eventual victory. The scene widened; in the world he could see continuous struggle. To him ocean breakers were a symbol of that struggle—the wreckage that those breakers brought to shore were grim evidence of the toll exacted. But it was only a toll. Victory is not wrought from the calm but from the turbulent sea. This is revealed in a poem which Einar entitled

"Brim", **Breakers**. The last verse, in translation follows:

The soul in its inmost longing  
Braves the crest of the dangerous sea.  
A nemesis swift is the billow  
To the calm of the deadening lee.

Depths of feeling yet imagery of philosophic thinking are revealed in "Við leiði móður minnar", **At My Mothers Grave**. Witness, in translation the first verse.

Still of night! Thy grave a hallowed  
ground!  
Deep in thought I hear some voices  
calling;  
Seems I see celestial dewdrops falling,  
In the silence, on thy vaulted mound.

Einar Jónsson could write poetic prose. Indeed when he gave expression in prose to deep sentiment it was bound to be poetic. That is well illustrated in his reflections when he re-

turned from New York in 1944 where, on invitation, he had met the President of Iceland. The very title sets the pattern: "Í andlegri nálægð við Ísland", **In spiritual nearness to Iceland.**

"During the thirty odd years I have dwelt in this land, even though I have fared well, and for diverse reasons have become deeply rooted in the soil here, my dreams have often carried me home. In my thoughts the distance has given the blue of the mountains a richer hue, has made the people more noble. But this was not a mirage nor an optical illusion. The events at Öxará on June 17, this summer, belie all wild imaginings."

Einar Páll Jónsson is survived by his wife, Ingibjörg, who gradually took over Lögberg as Einar's physical strength gave way. In the performance of duty in the office and at the bedside, during his illness, Mrs. Jónsson rose to the heights of the heroic women of the Sagas.

—W. J. Lindal

## ARTIST IN CARVING



Chris Bergthorson

Three totem poles on one shelf,  
three Indian heads so copper tinted as  
to make one believe they are made

of metal, and on another shelf books securely held by bookends carved in the image of horses' heads are among a collection of carvings by Chris Bergthorson of Claresholm, Alta., done by him as a hobby over the years.

Mr. Berghthorson's carving has already gained wide recognition. Only last winter an exhibition of his work was displayed at Claresholm. His favorite is carving from roots, creating delightfully realistic objects.

Born in Iceland Mr. Bergthorson came to Canada at the age of six and grew up in Winnipeg. He moved to Wynyard, Sask., in 1907 and retired in 1946 when his wife died. He put his hand to many occupations and for 18 years was a farmer.

Mr. Bergthorson has three sons and two daughters

# A PILGRIMAGE TO ICELAND

The title of this article, which is dedicated to my "Amma", Mrs. Sigríður Árnadóttir Guðmundson of Betel, who first taught me to love Iceland, was suggested by Dr. Beck's "A Pilgrimage to Norseland" which appeared in *The Icelandic Canadian*.

After the completion of his academic work, John Milton finished his education by making the "grand tour". Although I did not venture to Greece or Italy, I made a **grand tour** of a land which has deeply influenced me. This visit to aged Iceland, with the possessions, honors and trophies of a thousand years gathered around her, is an enriching experience for life.

In a short 14 hours, the Icelandic Airlines sped us 2600 miles away to Iceland in one of their comfortable planes, the "Edda". We stopped one hour at Goose Bay en route. Both my mother, now returning to the land of her birth, and I thoroughly enjoyed this, our first experience of travelling by air.

The sky was overcast as we circled above Reykjavík. Only a few hundred feet above the ground we got our first glimpse of Iceland, and a few moments later we put our feet on Icelandic ground, a desire we had long cherished in our hearts. Five very good friends, only one of whom we had met before, were at the airport to meet us.

During our stay in Reykjavík we made our home with Pastor Ásmundur Eiríksson and his good wife, Þórhildur. These fine people opened their hearts and their homes to us.

Almost everyone who comes to Iceland is busy during his first day in Reykjavík. During our first afternoon we visited with our relative, Ólöf Einarsdóttir, a remarkable lady and a true saint of God. Our hours with her were

among the most precious in Iceland. In the early evening we motored across the heath to Kolviðarhóll, a summer camp, where we visited with the children. At midnight we retired, but the sky was still bright.

## REYKJAVÍK and VICINITY

The government and most of the cultural activities are located in Reykjavík. Apart from visiting with friends and relatives, which we enjoyed immensely, we visited many places of interest.

At the Landsbókasafn (National Library) our good friend, hr. Finnur Sigmundsson, the National Librarian, showed us some of the priceless manuscripts of the land, including the original manuscript of the *Passíusálmur*. As I took this manuscript into my hands, and read the words: "Upp, upp, mín sál og alt mitt geð", I could say little to express my feelings. Only once, some years ago, when I took Luther's Bible into my hands, had I a similar experience.

The National Museum, housed in a fine new building, unfortunately is open only two hours on two or three days each week. We visited there several times. Many household articles of the last two centuries are on display there. Among the more important exhibits are the robes of Jón Árnason, the last Catholic Bishop in Iceland, and the personal effects of Jón Sigurðsson and Jónas Hallgrímsson, the great poet.

The visitor to the National Museum spontaneously develops an appreciation of the history and culture of this remarkable land.

Just across the street from the Hallgrímskirkju, being built in memory of Hallgrímur Pétursson, stands Einar Jónsson's museum. The works of this great sculptor are symbolic. The statue of Hallgrímur Pétursson, although not large, is impressive. A leper lies on a bed, trying to raise himself. Behind and above the bed is represented a man, walking erect and holding high a cross and a harp. Behind him follows a crowd of people and children.

One of the most interesting persons whom we had the pleasure of meeting while in Iceland was séra Friðrik Friðriksson, founder of the YMCA in Iceland, now in his 91st year. He is deservedly held in the highest esteem in his homeland and the other Scandinavian countries.

The hot springs at Krisuvík to the south of Reykjavík are impressive. Here hot water shoots from them with tremendous force. The lake, Keifarvatn, nearby is beautiful. One day we had a lunch, consisting of *hangikjött* (smoked lamb), on the soft green hill above this lake.

Reykjavík has a charm all its own, and this may dawn upon the visitor while walking along the Tjörnin, the lake in the centre of the city. It is a growing city, and everywhere there is evidence of change. Across from the modern National Theatre stands a small and very old house. One of the few remaining houses with a turf roof, Árbæarsafn, standing on the outskirts of Reykjavík, is a museum containing many interesting exhibits, among them an old iron once in the possession of Þórunn, daughter of Hannes Finnsson, 18th century Bishop of Skálholt.

Reykjavík is also a city of contrasts. Although it is not large, there are sixteen different bus routes here, and the busy traffic downtown necessitates traffic lights at several intersections. Most of the streets in the downtown area, Miðbær, are narrow, but circling the city is a very modern highway, the Hringbraut. Several large apartment buildings, twelve storeys high, which will cast shadows upon old homes of wood, are being constructed. There are few trees in the capital, but many homes have fine gardens with a great variety of flowers. Such was our impression of Reykjavík, the largest capital in the world with respect to its country's population.

## THE SOUTH

Although there is much to see and do in Reykjavík, it is only out in the country districts that one receives a true impression of Iceland. We were able to visit all parts of the country, "circling the land", as they say in Iceland.

We went by bus, which is the main means of transportation, to Selfoss, the main town of the flourishing southern farming area. We stopped at Hveragerði, and saw bananas growing in some of the many hothouses.

From Selfoss we went north, skirting the base of Ingólfssfjall, to Ljósafoss, the modern power station where most of the electricity for Reykjavík is produced, and to the southern end of Lake Þingvellir. The scenery here was so beautiful that it brought to mind these lines from Wordsworth:

"... oh, then, the calm  
And dead still water lay upon my mind  
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the  
sky,  
Never before so beautiful, sank down  
Into my heart, and held me like a  
dream!"



Returning to Selfoss, we went south to Eyrabakki, the old trading centre. Here the ocean gently rolls upon a sandy beach.

From Selfoss to Kirkjubæjarklaustur we travelled in a modern bus, passing through some of the most beautiful country we have ever beheld. For a time stately Mt. Hekla loomed in the distance to the north. We had lunch at Hella (in the Rangárvalla district). Then we passed by the south of Fljóts-hlíð, going to the base of Eyjafjallajökull which predominated the scenery to the north, until we reached Mýrdalsjökull. Rushing from the foothills of these glacial mountains were numerous waterfalls, among them Skógafoss.

We descended a steep mountain and were in Vík í Mýrdal where we changed to a very old bus for the remainder of our trip. New and ever changing terrain lay ahead in this land of contrasts.

Although we were on the main southern road, the road became an almost indistinct path as it crossed the Mýrdalssandur, a large tract of sand and mighty glacial rivers. Then we reached the beautiful Skaftatunga, rich in vegetation and nestled among the mountains. We then descended upon the Eldhraun.

Perhaps the lava field between Reykjavík and Keflavík, which we had crossed several times, should have prepared us for the Eldhraun. But it didn't. A more ghastly and horrifying picture can hardly be imagined. Only hell, because it is burning, can be worse. As we went through these miles of lava, now cooled and standing grimly like a mad sea suddenly frozen, we realized that this was once a burning field of lava destroying everything in its path as it advanced. The lava from the Laki eruption of 1783 "the greatest lava outburst in Iceland

and indeed in the world in historical times could have covered the whole of England with a layer of nearly four inches thickness." <sup>1</sup>

At Kirkjubæjarklaustur the lava suddenly stops, and after going through this desolate and foreboding field of black lava, one is deeply impressed by this sudden contrast, for the farm, situated against a mountain and two cascades, is one of the most beautiful in Iceland.

Close by the farm stand the ruins of an old church and graveyard carefully preserved which may explain the reason for the sudden arrest of the lava. The old Dean Jón Steingrímsson sleeps beside his old church. During this terrible eruption, when all seemed lost, including the lives of his flock, he gathered the people together for prayer in the church. The lava suddenly stopped. As we stood by the grave of this minister, our ancestor, we could see the lava standing close by. How wonderful are the workings of God!

We motored east to the lofty mountain Lómagnúpur, at the edge of the Skeiðarársandur, an area of wild and majestic beauty. Here the road ends.

From Kirkjubæjarklaustur we flew to Hornafjörður, the home of many of our relatives, stopping at Hof í Öræfi en route. The district of Hornafjörður is among the most beautiful, and Árnesi í Nesjum is one of the most beautiful farms in this fjord. Standing at this farm I thought of the words of Keats:

"To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven,—to breathe  
a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

<sup>1</sup> Sigurdur Thorarinsson, *The Thousand Years Struggle Against Ice and Fire* (Reykjavik: Bókauðgáfa Menningarsjóðs 1956), p. 21.



From the heights of the Almannaskarð, which we crossed en route to Stafafelli í Lóni (where Séra Bjarni Sveinsson, father of Rev. Jón Bjarnason, is buried), the whole district of Nesjum could be seen. Perhaps no better description could be given than this one by an old traveler:<sup>2</sup>

"Early on the morning of the 6th I proceeded up the Almannaskarð, on reaching the extremity of which, a prospect burst upon my view, the most novel, magnificent and unbounded I ever beheld. At my feet lay a stupendous precipice, whose base is washed by the sea, and which is certainly not less than nine hundred feet of nearly perpendicular height. The ocean bounded only by the distant horizon, expanded towards the left. The **Hornafljót** appeared on the right; the eastern margin of which is beautifully ornamented with the farms constituting the parish of **Bjarnaness**; beyond which, as far as the eye could sweep, nothing could be seen but one vast chain of jökuls, or ice-mountains, stretching back into the deserts in the interior, and terminating towards the west in the majestic **Öræfa-jökul**, the highest mountain in Iceland. The sparkling rays of the meridian sun, reflecting from the marble snow with which the upper regions of the Jökuls are covered, the vivid green crust which forms their base, and the blue waves of the ocean, had a most exhilarating effect; and the whole of the scenery was calculated to produce in the mind the noblest and most sublime emotions. How vast and glorious are the works of God! How they reflect the splendour, majesty,

and ultimate perfection of their Maker."

Once I had seen the small Icelandic horses, I immediately fell in love with them. When I learned that the only way to reach the district of Mýrum from Nesjum was to cross the Hornafljarðarfljót by horseback, I immediately went, accompanied by my cousin. Going across this very wide glacial river by horseback is an experience I shall long remember.

### NORTH TO AKUREYRI

It was with feelings of regret that we left Hornafjörður. Our relatives, in traditional Icelandic fashion, were very kind to us, and their generosity knew no limits. We flew to Egilsstaðir, staying a few days at this popular resort near Seyðisfjörður. We continued by bus to Akureyri, remaining a few days at beautiful Lake Mývatn, and seeing Goðafoss along the way.

Situated at the end of the Eyjafjörður and at the base of towering mountains is Akureyri, second in size to Reykjavík. We thoroughly enjoyed Akureyri, with its winding streets among the hills, and here purchased a large oil painting of Hólar í Skagafirði.

### SOUTH TO REYKJAVÍK

The "Esja" is a fine ship, and, although we were slightly seasick the first night on board, we could think of no more pleasant way of returning to Reykjavík than to take this leisurely two day voyage. The West Fjords (Ísafjarðardjúp, Öfundarfjörður, Dýrafjörður and Patreksfjörður) are entirely unlike the Southern coast. Here towering mountains rise majestically, sometimes almost vertically, from the ocean which beats roughly at their

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, *Iceland* (Edinburgh, 1819), p. 190.

base. Sailing into the Faxaflói is a very delightful way of approaching Reykjavík.

### FLJÓTSHLIÐ AND ÞINGVELLIR

After our return to Reykjavík, we went east again over the same road we had once before taken. We were privileged to spend three wonderful days at Kirkjulækjarkoti in Fljótshlíð with our good friend, Guðni Markússon. Having read *Njáls Saga*, we could appreciate the historical significance of this beautiful area. We visited at Hlíðarendi, the home of Gunnar. While in the beautiful church at this historical site, a group of six or seven people gathered around the organ and sang "Ó þá náð að eiga Jesúm".

At Múlakoti we saw the extensive and beautiful gardens, planted by the late Guðbjörg Þorleifsdóttir, mother of the present owner, the well known painter, Ólafur Tubals, who gave us one of his paintings of Fljótshlíð.

Sitting one day on a hill overlooking the Markarfljót, and the light green valley and blue river below, the majestic Eyjafjallajökull gleaming in the mid-day sun, and the jagged mountains of the Westman Islands in the distance, the sweet scent of the "blóðbergs" filling the air, I was reminded of Wordsworth's words:

"... The sun in the heaven  
Beheld not vales more beautiful . . ."

To describe Þingvellir is almost impossible. I have seen Banff, the pride of North America, but there are other places like it. Þingvellir, the pride of Iceland, is unique; there is no place in the world like it, and, as Lord Dufferin said, it is worth going around the world to see.

Standing on the site of the Lögberg, overlooking the broad plains of age-old lava; the church, by which are buried the great poets, Jónas Hall-

grímsson and Einar Benediktsson, in the foreground; the ever present mountains to the sides; the still lake in the distance, our thoughts ran back across the thousand years of history. Here Snorri góði had stood, and here more recently (June 17th, 1944), the Republic was proclaimed. Surely the Icelander who comes here realizes that a priceless heritage is his.

Such are the beauties, sometimes strange, wild and majestic, of Iceland. It is hard to describe a land such as this. Perhaps the Swedish geologist Paikull, who travelled widely in the country in the summer of 1865, came close to it when he wrote:<sup>3</sup>

"But I must ask the reader to prepare for hearing about nature on an exalted scale, if he wants to form an idea of this country—of towering mountains, heaths of immense extent, of boundless sandy plains, of swift and cascading rivers, of precipitous cliffs, of rocky wastelands, of deserts of lava or of snow and ice; and all this surrounded by the wide, wide sea, which is seldom out of sight. Indeed everything is on a scale of magnificance in Iceland."

Over twenty friends and relatives were at the airport to wish us a good journey. As we looked over Reykjavík, now for the last time, while dusk was covering the capital, our throats were too full to say much, but the words of Milton came to mind:

"Methinks I see a noble nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep; methinks I see her as an eagle, renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

3 Jón Eyþórsson, *Ísland í Myndum*, (Reykjavík, Ísafoldarprentsmiðja h.f., n.d.), p. 15.

As we looked below at the lights of Keflavík, (for it was late in the summer and night had already covered Iceland), and realizing that we were flying over the barren Reykjanes peninsula where Hallgrímur Pétursson served so many years ago, and catching our last glimpse of Iceland, we knew

that we were leaving with priceless and intangible gifts—the memories of an enjoyable and rewarding visit in a land and amongst a people we had come to love.

George Hanson,  
Chicago.

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## LETTER FROM IRAN

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Baldur Kristjanson who is now stationed at the Economic Bureau, Plan Organization in Tehran, Iran. It is to be hoped that on his return he will make a complete report to be published in this magazine. Baldur Kristjanson is a son of Mrs. Elin Kristjanson and the late Hannes Kristjanson, who for many years was in the retail business in Gimli. Baldur is a graduate in agriculture from the University of Manitoba.

"... Harvard University hired a team of seven economists from the U.S., Canada, England, Holland and Australia to act as an economic advisory group to the Government of Iran. It is our job to examine the economy, analyze what has been going on; predict where the economy is going and to come up with a sensible practical scheme for the development of the country. My sector is agriculture; someone else does industry; another does communications, another does social affairs, and so on. We operate

as a team of specialists. But we have to, at the same time, train about 20 young Iranians so that when we leave, they can take over as a permanent economic bureau. So far, there have been very few economists in this country. As you can imagine, this is a challenging job. I am now beginning to understand my sector and am at the stage where the plan for agriculture is beginning to take shape. I visit various parts of the country, talk to the peasants through interpreters and have full access to all ministries and agencies of government.

The Ford Foundation pays all expenses of the project; on a three-year basis it will cost nearly a million dollars. I will be on this job only 18 months, having arrived here at the beginning of July, 1958.

As an Icelandic-Canadian I am not very well equipped to understand in any real sense the indescribable poverty and problems of these people. But as an Icelandic Canadian I care enough to try."

## DR. RUNOLFUR MARTEINSSON

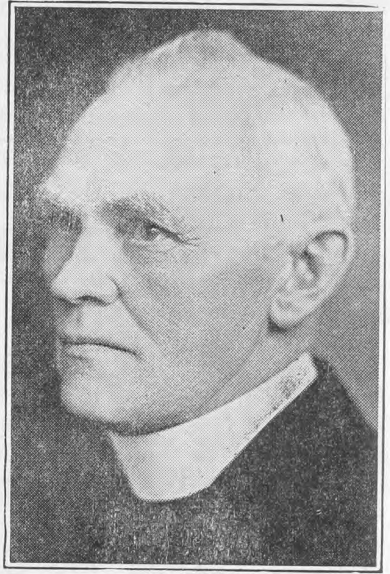
Early in May of this year, one of the most prominent and well-beloved leaders in the educational and religious life of the Icelandic people went to his rest. Dr. Runolfur Marteinsson died in a Brandon hospital after residing for a few months at the home of his daughter Theodis and her husband Dr. A. L. Paine at Ninette.

Dr. Marteinsson had a long life—he reached the age of 89—a life rich in Christian service. At an early age he won a degree in theology at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota. After occupying the pulpit for several years in various congregations, and teaching for three years at Wesley (now United) College, he was appointed principal of the Jon Bjarnason Academy, a position he occupied, with brief interruptions, until the Academy was closed in 1940. One never meets a former student of the Academy who has not held Dr. Marteinsson in high esteem, both as a teacher and as a fine personality.

While at the Academy Dr. Marteinsson frequently undertook week-end out-of-town trips—sometimes quite laborious—to do some needed clerical work where there was no minister.

In May 1948, Gustavus Adolphus College conferred on its former graduate the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Shortly after this the former students of Jon Bjarnason Academy, which had then been closed for eight years, honored him with a banquet and a purse. Hundreds participated.

In 1952 Dr. Marteinsson was honored with a life membership in the Icelandic Canadian Club. The scroll presented as his certificate of life mem-



Dr. Runolfur Marteinsson

bership read: "In recognition of a prominent contribution to the Icelandic people of North America."

At the age of 74, Dr. Marteinsson went to Vancouver and organized the Lutheran congregation there, and served it for three years.

For the last few years of his life, he was Honorary President of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod of America.

The above merely touches upon some of the highlights of his career. It would take much more space than is available here to do any degree of justice to the work of Dr. Marteinsson. Let it suffice to say that his whole life was a life of loyal, devoted service in the fields of education and religion. No task was too heavy if it was to promote these causes. It is to be hoped that some day a book may be written on the life of Dr. Runolfur Marteinsson.

He is survived by his wife Ingunn (nee Bardal), two sons, Jon Larus, of Hudson, Ontario, and Dr. Hermann Brandur Thomas, of Vancouver, and two daughters, Mrs. Gudrun Hill, of Armstrong, B. C., and Theodis, mar-

ried to Dr. A. L. Paine, of Ninette Sanatorium.

For further details of the life of Dr. Marteinsson, see Icelandic Canadian Summer of 1948, and Winter of 1951.

—Salome Halldorson

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## Wife of Jurist Passes Away

On May 18, last, **Ina Viola Grimson**, nee, Sanford, wife of retired Chief Justice Grimson, passed away.

Mrs. Grimson was born in Iowa and her parents trace their ancestry back to President Tyler. When she was three years old her parents moved to North Dakota where Ina Sanford grew up and attended school. She was only 16 years of age when she began teaching and when she met Gudmundur Grimson they were both teaching. They were married on Sept. 6, 1906.

Mr. Grimson opened a law practice in Munich, N. Dak., and for three years Mrs. Grimson was principal of the Munich School. From 1908 to 1912 Mr. and Mrs. Grimson published the Munich Herald. When Mr. Grimson was elected State Attorney of Cavalier County they moved to Langdon where they lived for 16 years.

Mrs. Grimson was a very active community worker and her work increased in that field as her husband moved

up in his profession, first practising as an attorney, then District Court Judge, then Supreme Court Judge, and on his retirement Chief Justice of that court. Mrs. Grimson's activities centred on church and missionary work, women's clubs and fraternities, parent-teacher associations, Red Cross, and girls organizations such as the Rainbow for Girls. When Judge Grimson was appointed to the Supreme Court they moved to Bismarck where Mrs. Grimson's services widened into more responsible fields.

Besides her husband Mrs. Grimson is survived by two sons: Dr. Keith S. Grimson of Durham, North Carolina, who already has won distinction for his research work; Lynn G. Grimson Attorney, practising in Grafton, N. Dak., who served four years in the army and for several years as Assistant Attorney General of North Dakota.

—W.J.L.



## COVER VERSE OMITTED

For obvious reasons the cover verse is omitted this time. A poem had been selected: Iceland's Song, Lands-lag. It is felt that it should appear in this issue because the translator, Mrs. Jakobina Johnson, is at present visiting Iceland. The intention had been to select the first verse for the cover.

During the second World War many students from Iceland attended American universities and a number selected the University of Washington in Seattle. It was but inevitable that these students would gather in the home of Jakobina Johnson. It proved to be to them a "sælustaður á heiði."

Anyone who has had the privilege of visiting Mrs. Johnson will readily understand that these students would want to repay her not only for her generous hospitality but also and even more so for the inspiration they received as she recited poetry to them, both original and in translation, and

in her tasks from day to day she staged the finest in those poems. That is just what happened. A short time ago these students, now in their chosen callings, clubbed together and sent Mrs. Johnson a return passage to Iceland.

This will be Mrs. Johnson's third visit and on each occasion on invitation. She is looking forward to this visit. Her feelings toward Iceland have much in common with the author of the poem, Grímur Thomsen. Though born and raised on a farm in Iceland he spent many years in the Danish diplomatic service. Grímur Thomsen's emotions when abroad were no doubt much akin to those of Jakobina Johnson as she lets her mind wonder back to Iceland:

"Breathes through every great emotion  
Joy, or sorrow's troubled ocean

Iceland's softest tone."

The translation and original follow:

### ICELAND'S SONG

Hear the geysirs in the highlands,  
Hear the swans among the islands:

That is Iceland's song.

Streams through rocky channels  
sweeping

Falls through narrow gorges leaping:

That is Iceland's song.

Song-birds 'round the shores  
abounding,

Lofty cliff and cave resounding:

That is Iceland's song.

Roaring breakers shoreward crashing,  
Rushing winds like spirits flashing:

That is Iceland's own.

Deep within my bosom's keeping  
Rest these sounds of nature sleeping,

That is Iceland's song.

Breathes through every great emotion  
Joy, or sorrow's troubled ocean

Iceland's softest tone.

### ÍSLANDS-LAG

Heyrið vella' á heiðum hverri,

heyrið alftir syngja' í veri:

Íslands er það lag.

Heyrið fljót á flúðum duna,

foss í klettaskorum bruna

Íslands er það lag.

Eða fugl í eyjum kvaka!

undir klöpp og skútar taka:

Íslands er það lag.

Heyrið brim á björgum svarra,

bylja þjóta svipi snarra:

Íslands er það lag.

Og í sjálfs þín brjósti bundnar

blunda raddir náttúrunnar:

Íslands eigið lag.

Innst í þínum eigin barmi

eins í gleði' og eins í harmi

ymur Íslands lag.

## Stephen Kolbinson and his Musical Instruments

It is almost a century since Icelanders began to emigrate to Canada. Over the years they came by the thousands and many a one has made a distinct contribution to this land of his adoption.

One of the most unique contributions is that of Stephen Kolbinson of Kindersley, Sask. In April of this year the University of Saskatchewan acquired through him a set of four priceless Amati instruments, a violincello, viola and two violins. Behind this lies a long story.

Mr. Kolbinson, now 70, came from Iceland to Manitoba at an early age, and later to Saskatchewan and homesteaded at Kindersley. He had a passion for music and while still pioneering sold a bicycle to buy his first violin. It led to his becoming one of the world's best known collectors of rare musical instruments.

For years he traded in fiddles as other farmers traded in horses. He came to know rare instruments when he saw them and his quest for them led him to leading collectors in North America and Europe.

Ask a layman the name of the most famous violin maker in the world and he will promptly answer "Stradivari". But ask a person knowledgeable about the history of music, and in the same breath with Stradivari he will say "Amati". He will also inform you that Nicolo Amati, the most eminent member of the family, was the man who taught Stradivari to make violins. The name "Amati" spells rare magic, and collectors search the world over to find these famous string instruments made in the 17th century in Cremona, Italy.

The University of Saskatchewan paid \$20,000 for the Amati quartet. This is a price which may make the laymen gasp, but it's also a price to make the collector gasp, but for the opposite reason. To a collector three times the price would have been considered a bargain. No collector needs to be told that farmer Kolbinson sold to his province's university his precious quartet at less than he paid for it.

It was due to Mr. Kolbinson's dream that the Amati instruments were available to the university. His parents were not musicians but were fond of good music. They had immigrated to Manitoba from Iceland. Kolbinson homesteaded in the Kindersley area in 1908 and has farmed there ever since. In the last few years he has lived in Saskatoon in the winter at 207 Poplar Crescent. In the summer he still goes back to his 2½ section grain farm.

After he purchased his first fiddle in the bicycle swap he taught himself to play, and then fiddled at old-time dances. The purchase of one violin led to the purchase of a better violin. As the farm prospered so did the quality of the violins. He developed a passion for the finest instruments, and he acquired the knowledge to detect them. His winters were spent studying the history and the art of violin making, until today he is known and respected by the top collectors of the world.

A number of years ago Mr. Kolbinson visited Emil Herrmann at his home called "Fiddledale" in Connecticut. Herrmann is reputed to be one of the world's top dealers, who handles the finest fiddles in the world. While he

was Herrmann's guest, Mr. Kolbinson heard an Amati quartet played. Impossible as it seemed, he was determined then to collect and bring to Saskatchewan an Amati quartet.

The first Amati violin he purchased about four years ago from David McCallum, concertmaster with the London Philharmonic. It had been in a private collection in France and had been smuggled to safety in England when the Germans invaded the country in the last war. This violin was made by the Amati Brothers in 1607.

Word now spread among world dealers that Kolbinson of Saskatchewan was out for an Amati quartet.

The second Amati violin he purchased from Daisy Kennedy, world famous concert violinist. This violin was made by Nicolo Amati, the man who was Stradivari's teacher. Nicolo made it in 1670. Seveik, one of the world's outstanding violin teachers, gave this famous fiddle to Daisy Kennedy when she made her debut in London. For 50 years the renowned Daisy played it from the great concert stages of the world. (Miss Kennedy was first married to Benno Moiselwitsch, Russian pianist. Her daughter, Tanya Moiselwitsch, for years designed costumes for Canada's Stratford festival plays. Miss Kennedy's second husband was the late John Drinkwater, poet, author and playwright.)

It could be that Daisy Kennedy was intrigued by a Saskatchewan farmer's amazing quest for an Amati quartet. The fact is, Kolbinson went to London specially to make the purchase. When he arrived 300 people were waiting ahead of him to buy the famous violin. Buyers were held at bay and, one hour after his arrival, the prize went to the Saskatchewan farmer. Miss Daisy told Mr. Kolbinson she was thrilled that he would have it, and

wished him luck in assembling the quartet.

Next came the purchase of the Amati 'cello. This treasure lay for dusty decades, lost in the Earl of Plymouth's castle in England. It was a sensational find in the collector's world when the 'cello, a Stradivari violin and other instruments, were discovered in the attic. The Stradivari violin was purchased by Fritz Kreisler, the 'cello by Kolbinson of Saskatoon. The 'cello was made in 1690 by Hironymus Amati. It bears the joint seal of the Plymouth family and that of the Clive family, (one of the Plymouth women married General Clive of India.)

Three instruments of the Amati quartet purchased—one to go. Kolbinson well knew the Amati viola, rare and with few left in the world, would be the hardest to find. But once a collector becomes known, he is in constant touch with all world outlets. Kolbinson got his rare Amati viola from a noble Italian family, living in the United States. Then the worst of all possible things happened. It appeared that Canada's only Amati quartet would never be. The Amati viola was stolen from the Kolbinson farm at Kindersley. The RCMP have never found the thief. It may never be known if the job was planned in the full knowledge that a rare instrument worth many thousands of dollars was stolen.

A lesser man may have given up his dream of an Amati quartet, but not the quiet but determined Kolbinson. An Amati quartet in France was broken up to make the Saskatoon Amati quartet complete.

The history of this viola has been simple to trace, because until now it has never been outside a private collection. Through Pope Paul V it reached the famous Italian Borghese

family. The Borghese Art collection was taken over by Napoleon and it is believed this is how the viola originally found its way to France.

And so, Stephen Kolbinson, grain farmer of Saskatchewan, has achieved his dream. But dreams achieved have a way of becoming larger. His ambition now is to acquire for Saskatchewan as many fine violins as he can in his lifetime.

Besides collecting fine violins, he also collects fine violin bows, makes his own violins and is proud that his

two sons are interested in music. His elder son Stuart lives on the farm at Kindersley, has a pipe organ purchased from Grace Church in Winnipeg in the loft of his barn. He's busy changing the old tubular type organ to an electric one.

In the meantime, for recreation he plays the bagpipes. His son Lauren is a student at University of Saskatchewan. He has studied both organ and composition, in London and France.

—T. O. S. Thorsteinson

## The Icelandic Canadian Club Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of The Icelandic Canadian Club was held in the Unitarian Church on Banning St., on Monday, June 8th. Reports from officers showed that the Club had another successful year. Miss Caroline Gunnarson, who was re-elected President, gave the following report:

Well, friends:

Here we are to give an accounting of another year in the Icelandic Canadian Club and to put our house in order so we can sink into the annual summer hibernation with a clear conscience.

But I would like to pause a minute over recent bereavements we have suffered as heirs to Icelandic culture in this country. Einar Páll Jónsson has left us. I remember a sense of loss when he and Lögborg first moved down town. Sargent Avenue was not the same. You'd meet Einar there so often and his face would light up, yards away, at sight of you. He was a sunny, gregarious, lovable man and a true poet with deep reverence for his great gift. He just couldn't hurt or belittle his fellow travellers on the short journey through life. He said to

me once that a man should not release from his lips bitter, profane or mean verse—it travelled so far and endured so long. I laughed at his sober tone and told him that as an Icelandic poet, he was unique, anyway, for I could not remember ever having seen or heard anything of that type attributed to him.

"Hefirðu annars nokkurntíma ort ljóta visu," I asked him.

"Já, ekki viljandi," he replied.

We'll miss Barney Finnson, too. He was a colorful character, high of spirit and warm of heart. He had his turn as advertising manager of each of the surviving Icelandic publications in this city, and played an important part in maintaining these organs, which exist to cast abroad voices that are raised to preserve our peculiar culture. We in this club, I am sure, think gratefully of Barney's work for our own magazine, *The Icelandic Canadian*.

So let us bow our heads to their memory just for a moment.

Of my own activities in the club I have little to say, and reports from other members of the executive will cover the year's activities.



When planning our annual dinner and dance I found just how well our members work together, and here I must thank Dori Stefansson, who made all the arrangements for our food and for the dance, also Ena Anderson, who as social convener, did a terrific job with some willing helpers within the club. We were extremely fortunate in getting Dr. Richard Beck as after-dinner speaker, and though we may not have made money on the deal, I'm sure we made friends. Both we and our guests got our money's worth.

Our annual concert was a real success, even financially, and thereby we were able to give a little help to Betel. We had fine musical talent—the best that had been heard in one evening in the Icelandic community all year, I was told by several discerning people, and I would like to thank the club members who made this possible. Special thanks to Judge Lindal for obtaining a splendid speaker with an arresting topic in Judge Gudmundur Grimson of Rugby, N. D., also for the wonderful luncheon he gave in the Georgian Room of the Hudson's Bay, to give many of us an opportunity to meet Judge Grimson and others. It was a delightful party and one of those get-togethers that do so much to create good will and introduce our work and ideas to fellow citizens of other roots.

There are so many I would like to thank for the year's help and associ-

ation—Lella Eydal, our secretary, and Freda Danielson, our corresponding secretary, who so graciously stepped in to help us in need; Helgi Olson, the able treasurer, and my leaning-post, Dori Stefansson. Then there's Valdi Beck, who kept folks informed of our doings through the newspapers, and Ena Anderson, the wonderful custodian of our coffee breaks.

I have enjoyed being your president and even in this chair, which still scares me a little, I have felt at home as soon as I found courage to lift my head and look into your faces.

The other officers elected are:  
Vice-President H. J. Stefansson  
Secretary Mrs. Lara B. Sigurdson  
Treasurer L. H. Olson  
Corr. Secretary Mrs. H. F. Danielson

The Chairman of the Magazine Board reported that unfortunately, Mrs. Arnheidur Eyolfson had, for health reasons to resign, and expressed the hope that she would fully recover and be able to come back on the Board. He was glad to report that Miss Salome Halldorson had agreed to substitute for Mrs. Eyolfson for the balance of her term of office and, furthermore, had agreed to continue on the staff. Her work so far has been excellent and more will be expected later. With that one change the members of the Magazine Board were re-elected. The financial statement for the year showed a small credit balance.

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On April 2, last spring, Rev. Sigurbjorn Einarsson, Professor in the Theology Department of the University of Iceland, was elected Bishop of Iceland. Bishop Einarsson, who is 47 years of age, is an Arts graduate of the University of Iceland and obtained his M.A. in Stockholm. In 1938 he graduated in theology from the Uni-

versity of Iceland and was ordained the same year. He has taken additional postgraduate work at Cambridge and in Stockholm.

Bishop Einarsson is the author of several books and has written a number of articles which have been published in magazines and the daily press.



# THE PURCHASED LETTER

by Bogi Bjarnason

The two youngish men at the aft rail, silent and serious, gazed at the passing scene with an intentness suggesting impression by time exposure. It was indeed a scene worth remembering—the Solent-Spithead, Southampton behind, Gosport to the left, the Isle of Wight on the right, as the liner stood out to sea. Both had reasons to think that they might not see it again for a long time, if ever. The circumstances of their departure determined this.

Essentially they were “remittance men”, bundled off to a far field by successful and impatient fathers who despaired of them as improvident if brilliant failures. Each an only son, of wealth and social position, the careers of the two young men were in many respects strikingly similar. Above average scholars, their academic life had been cut short by Hitler's war, a good part of which they had sat out in his *Stalag Lufts*. Back in their West London homes after the end of hostilities they had started drifting, stubbornly resisting interest in their aging fathers' businesses, frequenting pubs and questionable haunts and withal acting as if the world and all could stay the mess it was for all they cared. No amount of parental admonition had any effect on the indifference that possessed them, the lackadaisical outlook on life that asks, without phrasing it, “So what?”.

Their fathers, frustrated beyond endurance, commiserated with each other at their club; sought by various means

and stratagems to direct the attention of the young men to worthier objects than barmaids and football pools; harangued and prayed and pleaded, all to no avail.

Determined to bring matters to a head the fathers, by agreement, decided to offer their sons the alternative of migration to Canada if unwilling to settle down to work, with a reasonably secure future, in their native sphere. The present trend of their lives, that of drones—the current appellation was “spivs”—could not be tolerated. It would be an ultimatum the young men could neither sidestep nor ignore. The offer embodied generous assistance towards establishment as grain farmers on the Canadian prairies, a pursuit which, the present state of the world considered, was worthy of the best they could bring to it, challenging their abilities.

The young men, to the surprise if not consternation of their parents, accepted the alternative with alacrity. The Old World, with its charm—and its wars—could stew in its culture without them. They had had enough of it for one lifetime. That was implied, if not articulated, in the readiness of their choice of a new way of life in far Canada. It was a denouncement their elders had not expected.

Through the CPR Lands Office in London the fathers purchased for them adjoining farmsteads, partly built up and cultivated, in a northern Saskatchewan settlement, not yet well served by roads and rails but in line for further and early development. The ad-

vent of the young men upon this settlement and their freeholds would thus be reminiscent of pioneering, but little more, since they would forego only some of the comforts to which they were accustomed. They would have houses to come to, tractors and implements, money in the bank; their most important assets, health and youth. The life they would fashion out of this settlement was their individual affair—a challenge not without allure, whatever its drawbacks. Would life on the Canadian prairies compensate them for what they were leaving behind—the affection of parents and kin, economic security, the society of younger friends and fellows, familiar haunts and the numberless ties with people and objects of their native place?

Silent at the rail of the ship as she rounded the headland, the two young men were not without their doubts, their apprehension of the vicissitudes in store, their regrets. Had they traded their birthright for something of lesser value? Their intent gaze upon the retreating land held in it the threat of nostalgic yearning in days and years to come—the insatiable longing for familiar faces, voices and objects they had found so hard to endure throughout their confinement in Germany. Doubts, questions, regrets, yes, to be exorcised or sublimated according to individual temperament in the years ahead. At the moment, they were on their way.

Adjoining farmsteads comprising a square mile of rolling prairie awaited them at their destination in middle-northern Saskatchewan, made semi-ready for occupancy by the CPR Lands Dept.; a small house on each parcel, sightly and practical, a barn and water well—basic necessities and a substantial beginning. They found it satisfactory and fully up to their expectations.

As the first few weeks in their new sphere went by they were contentedly busy, and too occupied to hark back with more than a glance, too interested in their surroundings to miss what they had left behind.

But as winter deepened, restricting outside activities by reason of severity of cold not fully anticipated and prepared for, there came moments that hung heavy, when the snow piled up, the windows frosted over and the wind howled dismally under the eaves. And as the bleak season came to its nadir with the approach of Christmas they were to learn that man does not live by bread alone, that there is also a spiritual hunger that can be very insistent.

Confined as they were in the one house for economy of fuel, there were brief moments of friction when the sameness palled, for the most part quickly resolved, or repressed, thanks to good breeding and background, although such moments left their dross. For similar as their lives had been and common their interests, the twain were fundamentally different in some facets of temperament. George, less given to living within himself, would pour out his heart and feelings in lengthy and numerous letters to kin and former cronies of both sexes “back home”, and in consequence received *quid pro quo*, from which he derived much comfort and mental sustenance. Albert, morose for all his suavity, bottled up his thoughts, wrote no letters and received none, yet patently envied his comrade the satisfaction he took from the stacks of mail their every trip to the post office brought him. This circumstance of their life was the more unfortunate in that Albert needed such uplift much more than his extrovert comrade.

Came a day when George, returning from town, threw a tied-up packet of letters on the table, all addressed to himself. They had been thus packaged by the postal clerk for ease in handling, and George had therefore not looked them over. Albert eyed the package for a while, then spoke up:

"Look here, you always have a packet of letters and I never have any. I'll give you five pounds if you'll let me have one of yours."

"Right ho," said George and handed him the packet intact. "Take whichever you like." Albert gave him a five-pound note, looked over the letters, chose one and returned the rest.

After their evening meal George asked casually, "By the way, what was that letter about?"

"I'm not going to tell you," said the other.

George, somewhat taken aback, said, "Who was it from?"

"That's my business", said Albert.

They had a bit of an argument, but Albert stood on his rights and refused to say anything about the letter he had bought.

George began to fret. As the weeks went by he did all he could to persuade the other to let him see the letter. Albert continued to refuse.

At length George, anxious, worried, curious, felt he couldn't bear it any longer, so he went to Albert and said: "Look here, here's your five pounds; let me have my letter back again."

"Not on your life," said Albert. "I bought and paid for it. It's my letter and I'm not going to give it up."

As the severe Saskatchewan winter finally yielded to lengthening days, their outdoor activities increased, somewhat easing the tension of confinement that had been building up during the cold months. The letter was never

mentioned following Albert's final and definite refusal to return it or share it with his partner. Their careful avoidance of the matter, however, was too obvious; it left no doubt in the mind of either that the other had not forgotten or put it away. So while Albert carefully husbanded his secret, George mentally gnawed his nails over it, consumed by curiosity and the feeling that his comrade was holding out on him in a manner the reverse of sporting. He felt vexation, if not quite chagrin, that one with whom he had been so close, and for whom he had entertained such high regard and confidence throughout their long association, should thus shut him out in this one instance. So far as he was aware they had no other secrets from each other, and he had always found Albert willing to share confidences with him. This matter, therefore, not only vexed him but puzzled him as well. It was beyond his understanding, and increasingly, as time passed, beyond his liking. Worse, its importance in his mind was growing, however much he would have liked to forget it. At times it would rise to almost plague him. Often his mind, busy with other things, would suddenly and inexplicably bring it up, clamant for attention, as if to say, Don't forget!

No doubt the years, if not the seasons, would have modified its urgency and eventually relegated it to the subconscious, cutting it down to size and importance in the process, had nothing new risen to point to it. At that, the pointer was vague, might even have no bearing on the matter of the letter at all. But he couldn't wholly rule it out since it added to his puzzlement. It was no more than that Albert had taken to making weekly trips to a postal station other than the nearest one,

and had hedged when asked about his errands. Was he receiving, and sending, mail that he wished to keep from his comrade? Had he replied to the letter he had purchased, and directed that following letters be addressed to the more remote postal station to keep knowledge of them to himself? Conjectures, but not implausible. It was plain that he received, and expected, no letters through the nearer post office, which was also their trading post. Of that George had no doubt. But why the secrecy? And was there a subtle change in Albert's attitude toward him—more withdrawn, less open and comradely?

Trying to think it out, George had his moments of doubt. The changes he attributed to Albert might be within himself. It had all started with the sale of the letter, so blithely and spontaneously entered into by himself, without a thought to possible consequences. He had since paid dearly in vexation and consuming curiosity for that five-pound note. It was affecting his peace of mind; it was almost certain to cost him the esteem of a once-valued friend. Withal it had been a most unfortunate business transaction.

Throughout the winter months they had shared George's house. Now that the weather had relented Albert had taken to spending some time each day in his own place, ostensibly at chores, and reading. Could it not be that he preferred solitude for writing letters? Had the letter he had purchased been of a nature that sparked a continuing correspondence, and if so, what did it involve?

George's native intellectual honesty at first would not condone prying into his comrade's personal affairs. If Albert chose to keep this matter of the letter to himself, why, that was the

way it would have to be. But the thing was not so easily resolved as that. Try as he would to submerge it, it persisted in rising to the surface, at times innocuous and shapeless, at other times as if affecting a countenance, blandly staring at him, and again leering and evil. In time it came to haunt him, even in his sleep, but that time was not yet.

Attempting to reconstruct in his mind the state of his correspondence prior to the sale of the letter for a clue to the nature of missives probably arriving at that time, he was unable to attach too much importance to any of them. Of a hail-fellow bent, he had had many friends and acquaintances among the younger set in London's west end, and in the first few months in Canada had corresponded with many of them. He had also had a few tag-ends of a business nature to deal with, notably his interest in the weekly football pools, dog-racing bets, a love affair or two, and manuscripts of a few short stories he kept on sending to magazines, to no avail. This was what he could recall.

Could there have risen, out of his past, some development dealt with in that particular letter of sufficient import to prompt his friend to treat him in so cavalier a manner, even to provoking distrust and enmity, as he surely must have known it would? He could not persuade himself to believe that Albert was merely teasing him, playing a game. For that he had been too brusque, too disdainful, too determined to shut the matter up within himself. In any case, the time-lag had cancelled it out as a game. No, it was matter of a serious nature—could only be serious since his friend and virtual partner had chosen to let it come between them, a canker that must surely destroy their trust and fellowship.



Drawing on his psychology studies at Oxford, where he had been a brilliant student before the RAF claimed him, he recalled examples of human aberration where it was difficult to relate motive to conduct. That caused by envy or jealousy could be most tenuous and baffling. There could arise in the complexities of the human brain the unconscious desire to inflict hurt, even on a friend, in one who felt himself inferior. He recalled, too, instances during his incarceration as POW of those who sought advantages at the expense of fellows for no better reason than to feel that others suffered more than themselves.

As the weeks went by and the summer sun lengthened his daily round the two men labored, at this individually, at that co-operatively, as the exigencies of a task suggested. Withal it was satisfying, creative work in which they could envision a sound future. But it was still a circumscribed existence, requiring them to draw upon inner resources for what contentment they could wrest from the passing hour, and each from the companionship of the other. By reason of this it was important, well-nigh essential for the success of their venture, as both must realize, that differences of a personal nature be quickly resolved and mutual trust preserved. Yet Albert had deliberately chosen to jeopardize their friendship by refusing to share, to be wholly above-board, if only in this one instance. That it irked George he knew very well. It was with them at all times—hovering with them in the fields, at their barnyard chores, sat with them at the common table, lay with them upon their beds. Never mentioned, even indirectly, it was there, pervasive and insistent, attaining a status probably out of proportion to its intrinsic

importance. Yet the realization of that was a vain palliative since the matter would not down, but remained like a blight upon their day-to-day life and intercourse.

Poignantly aware that their relationship was deteriorating, George decided to bring matters to a head. One evening as they sat smoking after supper he abruptly spoke up:

"Old chap, I've got to see that letter. Here's the five pounds."

Albert did not simulate surprise, nor ask what letter or what the other meant. "That letter is mine, and it is not for sale." He looked George squarely in the eye, without a trace of amusement, or, for that matter, of friendliness. His words were clipped and definite, and had a ring of finality.

George keenly felt the slap, which was more than a slap on the wrist. It was a blow in the teeth. He made no rejoinder, but stood up and went about his outdoor chores, ruminating on the deep hurt he had received and with a degree of frustration he had not before experienced. He found it hard to take, and that night he had trouble getting to sleep.

A few days later Albert made one of his trips to the farther postal station, returning late. Having taken to sleeping in his own house, a few rods distant, he did not bother to look in on George, although he knew by the light from a window that he was awake. George heard him drive up and waited for his footstep at the door, which never came. At their breakfast meeting the matter was not mentioned, and Albert had nothing to say about his trip. The gap between them was widening.

On a day when Albert was absent George approached his house, finding the door locked. He let himself in with a skeleton key and made a cursory

visual examination of the room, a thing he had not before permitted himself. At their evening meal he felt guilty, felt also that Albert sensed his transgression. It added to his burden of vexation, increased the corrosive action of his frustration, which was subtly taking on the quality of dislike of his secretive partner. Their association in the present setting, he was forced to conclude, could not long endure under the existing tension. Some thing would give, because it must. What would it be, and in what manner?

But the days spun by without further incidents, the harvest claiming their time and energy so completely that their chief sensation at day's end was exhaustion. For George it was a respite, although a postponement only, as he well knew. Even as such it was welcome. Inevitably it must have its end, when the ghost of the letter again would walk and assert itself. That day was closer at hand than he could foresee.

It all happened suddenly and without warning. After an evening meal—they still ate together—Albert, exhausted after a hard day's work, fell asleep where he sat. George, delving for his pipe in a pocket of his work jacket where it hung by the door, inadvertently jostled a similar garment of his partner's, which fell off its nail, spilling from an inside pocket a number of ragged and dirty pieces of paper. Stooping to pick them up to replace them he saw his own name on one, now barely legible. Instantly realizing that here was the culprit, the cause of all his vexation, he took it and straightened up, only to have it snatched from his hand by Albert, who, suddenly awake, had sprung into action.

The anger over this letter that for months had been building up in George's mind was here resolved and concentrated in one reflex action, and quite without benefit of conscious direction. His fist shot up, landed on Albert's jaw with a force that sent him spinning, but still clutching the letter. That was all of the encounter, however, as Albert showed no sign of retaliating, but without a word gathered up his jacket and papers and stalked out, leaving George standing as if stunned by the enormity of this development.

Coming to and immediately realizing that they must part at once, George decided within a matter of minutes what he must do. Acting on it without delay he gathered up a few personal effects and set out for the village where he spent the night, returning the following day accompanied by a qualified conveyancer—in part to preclude meeting with Albert alone, lest further violence ensue—to offer his farm and effects to Albert by sale, accepting in settlement his note-of-hand payable in London, whither he would repair to join his father in business.

The meeting with Albert was on a friendlier basis than he had expected. The offer of the farm was instantly accepted and corollary adjustments readily arrived at. He would then leave for London and Home on the first train following completion of the transaction. Albert signified his intention to be on hand to bid him *bon voyage* on his departure.

As the train started to move Albert handed him through the coach window an envelope, dirty and ragged at the edges, which he instantly recognized as the one Albert had snatched from his hand two days previously. It bore his own name, now scarcely decipherable.

For a space of minutes it lay in his hand unopened, while the train gathered speed, bearing him away from All That—from all the effects of that five-pound transaction, one of which was his present position and a complete change in the course of his life. What was its message? What were the words,

written or typed, on the single sheet of notepaper inside the ragged covers?

He opened the envelope and pulled out the sheet, gently lest it come apart at the folds, almost worn through.

This was what he read:

"Dear Son. — Best wishes on your twenty-fifth birthday, from Mother"



## GUDRUN SIMONAR WINS HIGH PRAISE AT "TOWN HALL"

Gudrun Simonar, Iceland's foremost soprano, continues to win plaudits for herself on this side of the ocean.

Following an appearance which she made at New York's Town Hall on April 29, the critics were warm in their praise of Miss Simonar's artistic ability. Writing in the New York Herald Tribune, music critic F. D. Perkins had this to say of her performance:

"Gudrun Simonar, a young Icelandic soprano, includes six songs from her native land in her American debut. These were among the works which most advantageously exhibited a voice of a generally appealing quality and its command of fine distinctions of tonal hue; their moods and atmosphere were persuasively communicated to her hearers." "In general," he writes further "Miss Simonar gave an impression of considerable interpretative musicianship. Her Icelandic songs were all vocally graceful and pervasively melodious in a manner corresponding to the character of their subjects. They suggested no modern influences,

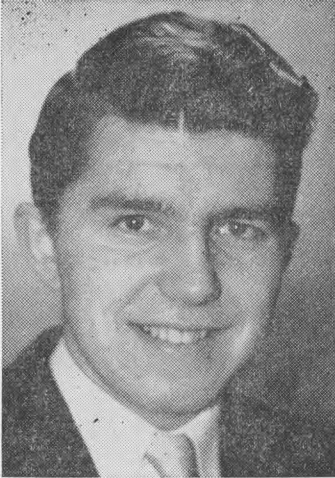
but revealed skill as well as invention on the part of their composers."

John Briggs, of the New York Times had this to say: "Miss Simonar disclosed a fundamentally pretty voice with a number of technical flaws. Her singing tends to become thin and reedy in its upper register. Her voice, however, has the great merit of personality. Her singing is invariably interesting. She improved as the evening progressed. The Dvorak Gypsy songs were somewhat ineffective, the Falla Seven Popular Songs an improvement, the Brahms' group better still, and when she arrived at her Icelandic group, she was in admirable form. It was an uneven performance but a consistently interesting one."

Miss Simonar gave a number of concerts last October and November, in all of which she received a most warm reception. At that time she performed in Winnipeg, Gimli and Arborg in Manitoba (as well as appearing on television), Vancouver, B. C., Bellingham and Seattle in Washington.—G.K.

# Scholarship, Medal and Award Winners

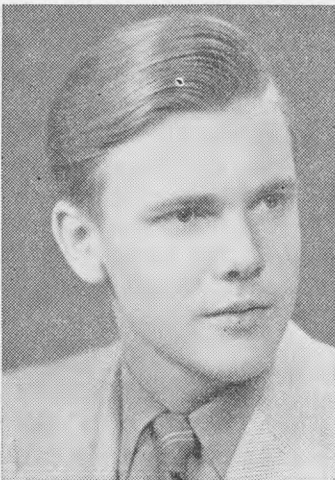
## MANITOBA



**Peter Ronald Erlendson**

Peter Ronald Erlendson, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Erlendson of Winnipeg, received the Employers' Association of Manitoba Scholarship \$325.00.

★

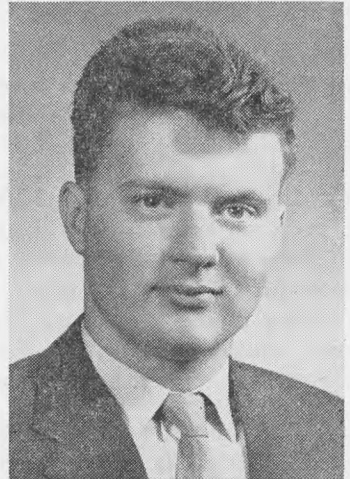


**Eric L. Sigurdson**

Eric L. Sigurdson, son of Dr. Larus A. and Mrs. Sigurdson, of Winnipeg,

received the Association of Professional Engineers of Manitoba Scholarship \$100.00; Kimberley-Clark Corporation of Canada Ltd., for highest standing in Engineering \$500.00; R. F. Gyles Memorial Prize for highest standing in Mathematics of First Year Engineering \$15.00; Edward Oliver Grimstick Memorial Prize for highest standing in First Year Engineering, Brief Case.

★



**Thor Victor Jacobson**

Thor Victor Jacobson, son of Mrs. Margaret and the late Victor Jacobson, of Winnipeg, formerly of Flin Flon, received the McLean Scholarship in Arts and Science \$200.00; Keller Scholarship, 4th Year Science Honours. \$125.00.

★

Phyllis T. Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Johnson of Winnipeg, received the University Women's





**Phyllis Thordis Johnson**

Club Scholarship, given the woman student attaining the highest standing in Science, Third Year— \$250.00; Third Year Isbister Scholarship \$100.00; Ionic Masonic Lodge Bursary \$200.00.

★



**Donald Wayne Swainson**

Donald Wayne Swainson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingi Swainson, of Winnipeg, received the McLean Scholarship in Arts and Science, \$200.00; Lord Selkirk Association of Rupertsland Memorial Scholarship (Fourth Year Honours Arts) \$115.00; Robert Sirluck Scholarship in Canadian History (Fourth Year Honours Arts) \$115.00.

★



**Eric George Clemens**

Eric George Clemens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Clemens, of Fort Garry, Man., received the Manitoba Association of Architects Scholarship, Third Year, \$150.00.



**Elizabeth Ann Sigurdson**

Elizabeth Ann Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olie C. Sigurdson

of Swan River, R.R. 1, received the T. Eaton Co. of Canada Ltd., Bursary in Home Economics, \$100.00.

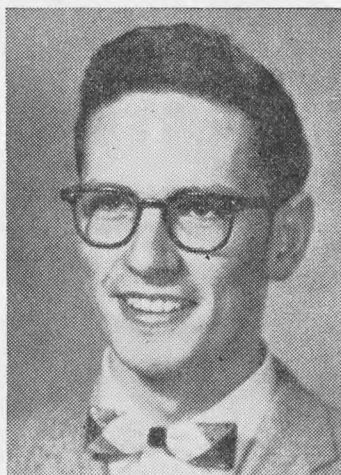
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David Herman MacLennan, son of Mr. Douglas and Mrs. MacLennan, of Swan River, Man., received the Lieutenant-Governor's Gold Medal in Agriculture. His mother, Sigga (Sigridur) is a daughter of Sigridur and the late S. J. Sigurdson of Swan River and is a niece of Mrs. Paul Reykdal of Winnipeg. David has gone to the United States to begin studies for a doctorate in agriculture.



**David Herman MacLennan**

### **OUTSIDE MANITOBA**



**Dennison Dale Gunnarsson**

Dennison Dale Gunnarsson topped the 1959 graduating class of the Summerland, B. C. high school.

He won the Kiwanis bursary of \$100 as well as \$100 from the University of British Columbia.

Dale was also the winner of the local Cranna award for proficiency, and the industrial arts prize for grade 12. He will enter the faculty of engineering at B. C. University this fall with the British Columbia government paying half his fees.

Dale is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gunnar Gunnarsson of Summerland, B.C. His paternal grandparents were the late Gunnar and Gróa Gunnarsson of Churchbridge, Sask. His mother is the former Oddny Bjarnason, daughter of Sigurdur and Bjorg Bjarnason, also of Churchbridge, Sask. ★



**Peter Roy Thordarson**

Peter Roy Thordarson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Th. Thordarson of Vancouver, British Columbia, received the Dental Service Acceptance Scholarship (for highest standing in Dental Anatomy, Prosthetic Dentistry, and Dental Materials of First Year) \$100.00.



**Richard Beck Jr.**

Richard Beck Jr., son of Dr. Richard and the late Mrs. Beck of Grand Forks, N. D., has been given a \$3,050 bursary by the School of Mechanical Engineering, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., for post-graduate studies. Mr. Beck received his bachelor of science degree in mechanical engineering from the University of North Dakota in 1955. He begins his post graduate studies at Cornell University next September to qualify for his Master's degree.

★

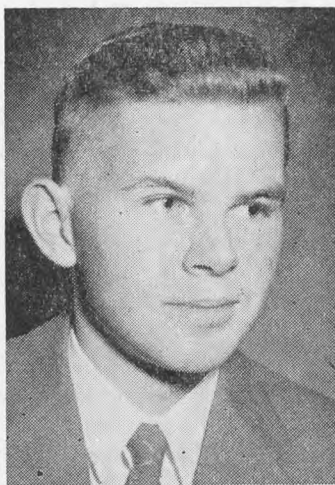
Miss Diane Palmason has been recently awarded a renewal on a Pre-Master's Degree Fellowship of \$1,000 from the Canada Council. Miss Palmason is presently studying for a Master of Arts degree in Sociology at McGill University, and expects to graduate in 1960. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Palmason of Montreal, granddaughter of the late Mr. H. J. H. Palmason and Mrs. H. J. H. Palmason of Winnipeg.



**Diane Palmason**

Miss Palmason graduated from Queen's University in Kingston with a Bachelor of Arts degree in May, 1958.

★



**William F. Johnson**

William F. Johnson, of Cornwall, Ontario, enrolled at the University of Toronto, in the fall of 1958. He received his secondary school education at the St. Lawrence High School, in Cornwall, where his record was bril-

liant. In Grade XIII he received the following awards:

The Optimist Club of Cornwall \$500 bursary; Courthold's (Canada) \$250 scholarship, for the highest average in Grade XIII; Dovers Limited \$25 bursary for highest standing in any two Mathematics papers in Grade XIII; Howard Smith Paper Mill \$10 award for proficiency in Physics and Chemistry; School Board gold medal for general proficiency in grade XIII; Carter \$100 scholarship for the highest aggregate marks in nine Grade XIII papers, for the three united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Gengarry. There are six hundred students in First year at the University of Toronto.

Bill is the son of Magnus F. and Pauline Johnson, formerly of Winnipeg and now of Cornwall, Ontario. His grandparents were the late Helgi and Ásta Johnson, of Winnipeg, and the late Gudjon (William) and Oddny Johnson, of Winnipeg.

★

Clarence Rognvaldson, of Acton, Ontario, graduated in Arts this spring from McMaster University of Hamilton, Ontario. Clarence hails from Winnipegosis, Manitoba, where he received his public and high school education. He plans to enter the teaching profession in Industrial Arts.

## UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA GRADUATES

### Master of Arts

Leo Freeman Kristjanson, B.A., (Gen.) 1954, Manitoba. Major: History. Minor: Political Science. Thesis Title: "Some Reaction to Canadian Government Policy During the Italo-Ethiopian Crisis." (As at Feb. 5, 1959)

### Master of Education

Haraldur Victor Vidal, B.A., 1943, Manitoba; M.A. 1950, Manitoba. Thesis Title: "The History of the Manitoba Teachers' Society."

### Master of Science

Wilbur Jacob Jónsson, B.Sc. (Hons.) 1958, Manitoba. Major: Mathematics. Minor: Mathematical Physics. Thesis: "Characterization of the Projective Group in n-Dimensional Projective Geometry."

Victor Allan Laxdal, B.Sc., 1953, Manitoba. Major: Chemistry (Bio-

chemistry). Minor: Chemistry (Organic). Thesis: "Reaction of P-Phenylazobenzoyl Chloride with Amino Acids and Simple Dipeptides."

### Doctor of Medicine and Bachelor of Science in Medicine

J. F. P. Sigurdson

### Diploma in Anaesthesia

Thorberg Johannesson, M.D.

### Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Civil)

Oscar Thor Sigvaldason. Winner of Doupe Memorial Gold Medal for second highest standing in the fourth year of the course in Civil Engineering.

### Bachelor of Architecture

Sveinn Franklin John Sigurdson

### Bachelor of Science (General Course)

Magnus Herman Johnson

Bryan Douglas Thorkelson



**Bachelor of Education**

Olafur Allan Olson, B.S.A.

Jonas Hallgrimur Vidalin Rafnkels-  
son, B.A.

Clarence Thorsteinn Swainson, B.A.

**Bachelor of Pedagogy**

Brian Douglas Thorkelson, B. Sc.

**Bachelor of Science in Agriculture**

Gilbert Sigurdson

John Thordarson

**Bachelor of Arts (General Course)**

Dorothy Bernice Baldwin

Thorkell Wallice Johannson

John Kristjan Marteinson

John Stephen Matthiasson

Ellen Thorgilsson

**Public Health Nursing**

Vera Ingibjorg Stevenson

**Mechanical Engineering**

Lawrence Wesley Bergman

Brian Kenneth Laxdal

**GRADUATES, UNIVERSITY OF  
SASKATCHEWAN****Master of Science in Engineering**

Louis Espolin Torfason, B. E., Wa-  
dena, Sask.

**Bachelor of Arts**

Elaine Elizabeth Arnason, Regina

Frances Augustine Magnusson, Sask-  
atoon (Nov. 1958)

Wanda Sharon Gail Thorfinnson,  
Wynyard, Sask.

**Bachelor of Education**

Fyola Margaret Johnson, Regina

Mundi Irving Josephson, Saskatoon

**Certificate in Accounting**

Stephen Nicholas Johnson, Sask-  
atoon, (Nov. 1958)

**Diploma in Nursing**

Lois Marilyn Janusson, Saskatoon,  
(Nov. 1958)

**Associate in Arts**

Lillian Vilborg Bjarnason, Regina

**GRADUATES – UNIVERSITY OF  
BRITISH COLUMBIA****Doctor of Medicine**

Kenneth Clifford Haltalin, Van-  
couver, B. C.

Eugene Bruce Steinson, Cloverdale

**Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy**

O. C. Ingvaldson, Cloverdale, B. C.

**Bachelor of Commerce**

Bui Thorlacius, Richmond, B. C.

**Bachelor of Science (General Course)**

Gudmundur G. Gislason, Richmond

**Bachelor of Social Work**

Mrs. Geraldine Denise Drew (daugh-  
ter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Peter-  
son, Vancouver.)

**Admitted to Bar in Vancouver**

Allan Gunnar Helgason, B.A. L.L.D.  
graduated two years ago, son of  
Mrs. and Mrs. Herbert Helgason  
of Vancouver (formerly of Gimli).

NOTE—If any names of students of  
Icelandic descent have been inadver-  
tently omitted from these lists, we would  
be glad to publish them in the fall  
issue if they are submitted. For instance  
there must be some graduates and  
scholarship winners in Alberta.

## IN THE NEWS

### MEMORIAL AWARD IN NURSING ESTABLISHED



**Mrs. Bertha Beck**

A Mrs. Richard Beck Memorial Award in Nursing has been established at the University of North Dakota in memory of Bertha, the late wife of Dr. Richard Beck who heads the foreign language department at the university. The award is provided for by the income from a trust fund established by Mrs. Beck's family and friends.

Upon recommendation of the Faculty of the Division of Nursing, the award is to be presented annually to a junior majoring in nursing who has achieved highest general excellence and scholastic standing in that field.

Mrs. Beck was a nurse by profession, a graduate of the Winnipeg General Hospital School of Nursing. During the First World War she served with the nursing division of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps and en-

gaged in private and public nursing after hostilities ended.

Prominently identified with a number of organizations over the years she was past president of the North Dakota Tuberculosis and Health Association and a former member of the governing council of the Mississippi Valley Conference On Tuberculosis.

★

### THOR ARNGRIM TEAMS WITH HIS WIFE

Thor Arngrim (Thorhallur Arngrimson) who was born in Regina and raised in the Mozart district in Saskatchewan, studied for two years in the C.B.C. Music and Drama Institute and then was given a position with the C.B.C. Vancouver Studios and became a member of the Island Theatre Summer Stock Company. In 1951, with Stuart Baker, he established Totem Theatre and successfully produced plays for four years. The leading lady was Norma MacMillan, a beginner, and they all chipped in when work had to be done around the theatre. When Totem Theatre folded up Norma and Thor decided to enter the stage of life together. They married and went to Toronto where they free-lanced successfully for some years. They then decided to make a try in the theatrical centre of North America—New York—and again they succeeded.

Mr. and Mrs. Arngrim have been visiting in Vancouver and in The Vancouver Sun, staff reporter Kathy Hassard, has this to say:

"They both have been kept busy with radio, T.V. and stage parts. Pro-

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ducing and playwriting are sandwiched in between.

"Biggest excitement in this exciting family at present is Norman's comedy about the Russian lady birdwatcher, which Thor will produce on Broadway in the fall—with Eve Arden starring in it—they hope.

"Their advice to others interested in climbing the same ladder is: Get experience in your home town but don't postpone too long heading for the big centres.

"It is obvious these two never lack stimulation.

"We get so excited talking about our work, some nights we just sit all night and talk", said Norma.

"Oh, I'm the idea man but she's the writer", admitted Thor."

Mr. and Mrs. Arngrimson have a three year old son, Stefan, named after grandfather Stefan Arngrimson. After visiting Norman's parents Dr. and Mrs. Lauchlin MacMillan, they visited grandmother Mrs. Margaret Arngrimson.

★

## EMIL THORSON HEAD OF RESEARCH DIVISION

Evans Coleman and Evans Ltd., a large contracting, manufacturing and engineering firm, which has for many years been operating in Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., have opened a new \$100,000 research and development division. Mr. Emil Thorson, son of Mrs. Emily Thorson and the late J. Thorson, who is a graduate in engineering from the University of British Columbia, has been placed in charge of the division.

The research division is the second of its kind in Canada. Serving under Mr. Thorson will be a highly trained staff of technicians, who will make

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Aggregate rock will be brought in by scows from all parts of the province. "All raw materials" Emil Thorson explained to a Vancouver Sun reporter "will be checked for graduation, cleanliness, organic content, and contamination."

The research division will test new cement products and the company will then decide whether it is worthwhile

introducing the products into Western Canada.

Referring to the research division R. M. Hungerford, the vice-president of the company, said: "This will be the nerve centre of all our operations."

Mrs. Thorson is a graduate of Wesley College, now United College of Winnipeg. She is a sister of Victor Anderson, well known former Winnipeg alderman, who now resides in Vancouver.

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## Word from Askell and Doris Löve

The Icelandic Canadian is glad to report that word has been received from Dootors Áskell and Doris Löve, who some years ago were on the staff of the University of Manitoba. Judging by the number of pamphlets and reviews published by them within the last year they must be very busy, and the quality of their work of a high standard. The following pamphlets have appeared.

1. Cytotaxonomy and Classification of Lycopods, by Áskell Löve and Doris Löve, March 1958.
2. Biosystematics of *Triglochin Maritimum* Agg., by Áskell Löve and Doris Löve, June-July 1958.
3. Plant Cytotaxonomy in Canada, by Áskell Löve and J. R. Beaudry, August 1958.

4. Transatlantic Connections and Long-Distance Dispersal, by Áskell Löve, September 1958.

5. An Unusual Polyploid Series in *Triglochin Maritimum* Agg, by Áskell Löve and Doris Löve, October 1958.

6. Taxonomic and Biosystematic Categories, by D. H. Valentine and Áskell Löve, October, 1958.

8 Biosystematic Studies on *Xanthium*; Taxonomic Appraisal and Ecological Status, by Doris Löve and Pierre Dansereau, 1959

Three reviews of books and reports on subjects in their specialized fields have appeared, one by Doris Löve and two by Áskell Löve.

The Icelandic Canadian would appreciate an article from either Áskell or Doris Löve.

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## SIGNY EATON HONoured BY THE GOVERNMENT OF ICELAND

Just as the magazine was going to the press word was received that Mrs. Signy Eaton wife of John David Eaton the President of the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. had been awarded the Order of the Falcons by the Government of Iceland. Mrs. Eaton is a daughter of Mrs.

Anna Stephenson and the late Fredrik Stephenson.

A further reference will be made to Mrs. Eaton in the next issue of the magazine.

The Magazine Board extends congratulations.

## THE VIKING FROM ICELAND

Johann K. Petursson came to Winnipeg with the Royal American Shows, billed as the "Viking From Iceland", and also as "The Tallest Man in the World".

Johann has travelled with such well-known circus companies as Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Bros. He was in the motion picture "The Vikings" which made quite a hit last year.

He weighs 425 lbs, and stands eight feet, eight inches in his stocking feet. He wears a size 24 shoe.

Johann was born in Akureyri in Iceland February 9th 1913.



Johann K. Petursson

## NEWS SUMMARY

J. O. Anderson (Swedish) was elected president, E. E. Erickson (Finnish) vice-president, H. A. Brodahl (Danish) secretary and Eric Erickson (Finnish) treasurer of the Viking Club in Winnipeg at the annual election of officers this spring. Heimir Thorgrimson (Icelandic) is immediate past president. Elected to the executive were Helge V. Pearson and Ed Carlson (Swedish), S. R. Rodvick, Odvar Svarts-kuren and Erling Mohn (Norwegian), Mrs. Dagny Simon and Fred Spangsvold (Danish), Mrs. Martta Norlen (Finnish), and John Haflidson and Snorri Jonasson (Icelandic). Honorary members are Dr. Richard Beck, Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, Dr. Alfred Klieforth, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, H. P. A. Hermanson and Judge Walter J. Lindal.

★

Dr. V. B. Kjernisted of Stonewall was elected vice-president of the Manitoba Veterinary Medical Association at the annual meeting this spring. Dr. J. R. Singleton, Winnipeg, was elected president and Dr. W. L. Henry, also of Winnipeg, secretary-treasurer.

★

S. J. Borgford of Winnipeg, graduate in 1943 in civil engineering of the University of Manitoba, was elected vice-president at the annual dinner meeting in Winnipeg in December of the Manitoba Engineers' Alumni Association. R. W. Hicks was named president and K. J. Kramer secretary-treasurer.

★

Hal Linker was elected president at the annual meeting in the Danish Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal. in April

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Winnipeg

of the Icelandic-American Club of Southern California. Jon Saevar Jons-son was elected vice-president, Asa Bjorgulfs secretary and Gisli Erlend-son treasurer. Some 100 people attend-  
ed the meeting which re-elected Mrs. Gudny M. Thorwaldson editor of Fe-  
lagsbladid, official organ of the club.

★

Professor Lee M. Hollander of the University of Texas was elected pres-  
ident at the 49th annual meeting held  
May 1 and 2 in Augustana College,  
Rock Island, Illinois, of The Society  
for the Advancement of Scandinavian  
Studies. Dr. Henry Goddard Leach,  
New York City, was named vice-pres-  
ident, Dr. Stefan Einarson, of Johns  
Hopkins University, Baltimore, Mary-  
land, was elected to the governing  
board for a term of three years.

Professor Loftur Bjarnason, form-  
erly of Hartnell College in Salinas,  
Cal., and now of the United States  
Naval Post Graduate School, Monterey,  
California, was re-elected secretary-  
treasurer.

The society's quarterly, Scandina-  
vian Studies, from time to time carries  
articles and editorial observations con-  
cerning things Icelandic and in the  
February edition carried an article on  
the American Nobel prize-winning  
author, William Faulkner. Entitled  
"Faulkner and the Icelanders", it was  
written by Professor Julius McGrew  
of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Presented at the annual meeting  
were ten papers on Scandinavian af-  
fairs and literature, four of these on  
Icelandic matters. Dr. Richard Beck  
of the University of North Dakota, a  
former president, delivered a paper  
on Icelandic authors in North Dakota,  
making special reference to the works  
of K. N. Julius and Stephan G. Steph-

ansson. He related his presentation to  
the 80th anniversary of settlement by  
the Icelanders in North Dakota.

★

Dr. Tryggvi J. Oleson, professor of  
medieval history at the University of  
Manitoba, has been made a Fellow of  
the Royal Society of Canada. Some

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two years ago Dr. Oleson was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for a year's research at Harvard University and last year was made a full professor at Manitoba University.

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